

Original Poetry.

[For the Ledger.]

To Miss Mary A. H.

Can you answer me this question?
If you can, I pray you tell—
Can you love a certain person?
If you can, oh! say how well!

I have travelled through strange cities—
Oft abroad have I been—
Yet I've loved but one fair maiden,
And my heart repeats how well!

Jane is modest, wise and witty;
Amelia is quite a belle;
Narcissus, too, is very pretty;
Combined are all in Ann, how well!

Her's the pouting lip so tempting—
Her's the eye that raptures tell—
Her's the cheek with blushes burning—
Form and features, all—how well!

Let vain excoimbs try to flatter—
Vain their efforts—weak the spell—
Here is mind controlling matter,
Worth, confuting words—how well!

Tell me, can a maid so perfect
Ever count it criminal,
To love her almost to distraction?
Words can ne'er express how well!

[Selected.]

The Child and the Pebble.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

I met an infant by a bridge,
With hair of flaxen hue,
Cheeks red and rounded as a peach,
And eyes of blue.

She held a pebble in her hand,
And far in careless glee,
Threw it out into the stream,
And laughed at me.

The golden flashes dived away,
As last the pebble fell,
And sparkling circles vexed the waves,
With gentle swell.

"Fair child," I thought, "how blessed in life,
If thus thou scatterest,
The cares and sorrows thou shalt meet,
On every side."

Full many glad some years have fled,
And bent my steps towards the bridge,
Where sat the child.

Alas! the arch had felt decay,
The stream a river grown,
Coursed madly o'er the spot where once
The pebble shone.

And 'mid the darkness of the night,
And mid the furious storm,
With arms tossed up to Heaven there stood
A woman's form.

Then with a cry of wild despair,
It plunged beneath the wave,
And forming whirlpools gathered o'er
The lonely grave.

I turned away, with tearful eye,
For memory could but own,
The child had flung itself where fell,
The sparkling stone.

Agricultural.

Bermuda Grass.

Passing the house of a friend, not long since, we observed his hogs were in better order than those of most of our neighbors at this time of unprecedented scarcity of grain. On enquiring into the cause, he informed us that he had given them but very little corn—that he had a Bermuda grass patch which he occasionally plowed up, and on the roots of which his hogs kept in the order we saw them.

Would it not be well for each farmer to have a field, according to the size of his stock, set in this (by many condemned and much abused) excellent grass, and kept apart from his cultivated fields properly for his hogs in the winter, and for other stock in the summer? We have seen enough written on the subject, to know that many will be horrified at the very suggestion of introducing it on to any part of a farm. But we can assure such, that a very narrow strip of woodland, and even some such fence-rows as are not by any means unusual to be seen in this country, will effectually stop its creeping progress. Keep a border of woods, or such a fence-row around it, and to be careful to clean your plow well before leaving the field, and we will obligate to exterminate all that leaps its circumscribed bounds. It matures no seed, hence it cannot be scattered in the excrement of cattle, as is not unfrequently the case with other grasses.

If our farmers and planters intended raising their own hogs and other stock, as every one should do even if he produces less cotton, instead of buying from Tennessee and Kentucky, at the most extravagant prices when we are least able to pay them, it is high time we were turning our attention to some auxiliary to the corn crop. The pea, sweet potato and turnip—the clover, and the grasses, should each occupy its place on the farm. Of the pea we can raise with our corn a great abundance, yearly, to fatten our pork in the fall. And if we plant the black or tory varieties, to carry our stock hogs pretty well through the winter. Some are opposed to giving stock hogs peas—believing they will cause the hogs to die the next summer. We believe it is rather from poverty than from the effects of the peas, we might successfully cultivate the sweet potato, which is believed by many to afford more food on the same space of land than can be made in any other crop. We know from experience, that with a small addition of corn, hogs can fatten kindly on them, and that the meat is sweeter and more juicy than when fed on corn alone.

Pruning Evergreens and Other Trees.—Mr. Downing says: "The best time to prune evergreens is midsummer, but small limbs may now be taken off. He also states that trees may be pruned at any time, by using gum shells dissolved in alcohol. Make it the consistency of paint and apply it to the wounds libly the saw

winter and spring grazing, and early cutting, in case a great scarcity of grain and fodder, every one may have with the least care and attention, that can afford to come out of the cotton field to prepare for them. Horses and cattle cannot live on cotton stalks, nor can negroes on the seed.—*Farmer and Planter.*

Colic and Bots in Horses.

A writer in the Southern Planter (Thos. J. Randolph) recommends a large dose of laudanum or a weak solution of ipe, for colic in horses. When the distension is such as to indicate a dangerous accumulation of air, the medicine for hoven cattle, viz: 2 drachms of chloride of lime, dissolved in two quarts of water, to be repeated within an interval of an hour, would probably be found effectual. This writer also states that the generally received notion of the action of bots, or grubs, on the stomach of the horse, is entirely erroneous; and quotes the authority of some distinguished veterinarians of Europe, as follows: "The bots cannot, while they inhabit the stomach of the horse, give the animal any pain, for they are fastened on to the cuticular or insensible coat. They cannot be injurious to the horse, for he enjoys the most perfect health, while the cuticular coat of the stomach is filled with them.—They cannot be removed by medicine, for they are not in that part of the stomach to which medicine is conveyed; and if they were, their mouths are too deeply imbedded in the mucus for any medicine that can be safely administered to affect them.

Mr. Randolph, also remarks: "If the horse is opened the moment he dies, they are never found to have attacked the stomach. If he is killed suddenly in health and lies until he is cold, they are found always to have eaten through the stomach. The bots are licked off by the horse and carried with the food into the stomach, where they attach themselves firmly, by means of a hook on each side of the mouth, to the mucus membrane. When full grown they pass out with the food, burrow in the ground and transform into the fly. When the horse dies and his food fails, it is probably instinctive in them to cut their way out. In a horse that died from an inflammation of the stomach, the mucus coat having extensively separated they were found gathered upon the sound parts which they had cut through, the inflamed portion having no traces of injury from them. In supposing that grubs are a disease of the horse, we have attributed effects during life to causes happening after death—and what nostrums have been forced down the throat of the poor horse, to cure this imaginary disease, and with what confidence has the stomach, perforated after death by the grubs, been shown as the cause of death!"

A Lesson for Farmers.

All the Bible is full of promises to those who trust in God. A man must either believe the promises or give up the Bible, if he is honest with himself, and there are circumstances in the occupations of a farmer which should remind him continually of this, and make him more trustful and liberal. I can hardly imagine a good man going forth into his fields, and seeing the hope of the next year laid in the ground, without remembering, at times, such striking passages as these: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." "He that soweth little shall reap little, but he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously." Moreover, the whole harvest is so evidently the work of God, from first to last.—The manufacturer, if his produce is bad, just taxes his men or his machinery.—The tradesman, if he loses, blames his want of foresight, or his unprincipled customers.—But the farmer, having the best workmen, the best tools, the best seed, the longest experience, is still in the uncertainty, from first to last. Circumstances, which he can neither foresee, nor foresee, control, keep him sensibly in God's hands—and, if he is wise, resigned and trustful, be his fortune what it may. The worst the caterpillar, the fly, or drought, or if they fail at the prospering moment, render all his labors doubtful to the end. And therefore, being so entirely and manifestly in God's hands, he should rest satisfied, and not neglect his duty, confident that he is more likely, not less likely, to prosper, even though his aims are what the world would consider rash; but not rash, because they are given to him, and with faith in him from whom he holds all that he enjoys.—*Hegate.*

Preserving Fruits in Their Own Juice.—As the season of fruits is now approaching, it may be interesting to our readers to be informed of a method by which the most delicate fruits can be preserved so as to retain their flavor for an almost indefinite period. Thirteen bottles of fruit so preserved were exhibited lately at Rochester, N. Y., by W. R. Smith, of Wayne county, viz: five of cherries, two of peaches, one of strawberries, three of different varieties of currants, one of blackberries, and one of plums. They were examined by a committee, and found of fine flavor, and the committee expressed the opinion that the art of preserving fruit in this manner is practicable and valuable, and that the fruit, when carefully put up, can be made to keep as long as may be desirable.

The method of preserving is thus given to the New York State Society by Mr. Smith:—*Southern Cultivator.* "They are preserved by placing the bottles, filled with the fruit, in cold water, and raising the temperature to the boiling point as quickly as possible; then cork and seal the bottles immediately.—Some varieties of fruit will not fill the bottle with their own juice—these must be filled with boiling water and corked as before mentioned, after the surrounding water boils.

Pruning Evergreens and Other Trees.—Mr. Downing says: "The best time to prune evergreens is midsummer, but small limbs may now be taken off. He also states that trees may be pruned at any time, by using gum shells dissolved in alcohol. Make it the consistency of paint and apply it to the wounds libly the saw

and knive, with a common paint brush. It excludes the air and water, and is not affected by change of weather. Evergreened limbs of old trees, John J. Thomas recommends a coating of tar and brickdust; and others advise the use of a composition of equal parts of clay and cow manure. The shellac solution, however, we consider the most effectual, and by far the nearest for ordinary purposes.—*So. Cultivator.*

Stories for the Young.

Little "Alie."

"Mamma, when will it be spring?" said Althea C., earnestly. She was almost three years old, and I had never seen a more beautiful child; her cheeks and lips full and red with health, her blue eyes kindling with excitement, and her form so plump and round, that when I lifted her to my knee she said, "I fat as butter." "Why are you so anxious that it should be spring, dear?" said I, supposing it was on account of the sunshine, birds, and flowers. "Alie will go to church in spring," was her reply. "Why does Alie wish to go to church?" "God is there," she replied solemnly. "Do you love God, Althea?" "O very, very much." "To-morrow will be spring, darling." And she ran away singing, "To-morrow, to-morrow; I shall be so happy to-morrow." But she was not quite satisfied. In a few minutes she returned, saying, "Mamma, can I go to church to-morrow, and hear them pray and sing and preach?" "No, my dear, to-morrow is Wednesday; and it will then be three days before the Sabbath." An expression of disappointment clouded her sweet face; but when told that three days would pass quickly, and that God made the days, she seemed satisfied.

Some time through the night Mrs. C. sent me in that Althea was dying. Scarcely crediting my informant, I rushed to the house, but she was a corpse. Her mother told me that several times before I left her, as if forgetful of a part of the conversation, she was singing "To-morrow, to-morrow; I shall be so happy to-morrow." Each time when corrected, she seemed to dismiss the subject; but she had been longing for spring, that she might go to the house of God, and she could not at once give up the idea, that with the first day would commence her pleasure. Just before sunset she complained of extreme weariness, and soon dropped to sleep.—When she awoke she was burning with fever, and her father went for a physician. During his absence she became delirious, and when the physician approached the bedside, he turned away sadly, saying, "Madam, it is too late." Another physician was summoned, and another, and a fourth even, but of no avail. Her disease was scarlet brain fever, and in eleven hours from her first complaining, her spirit had passed away. We buried her on the morrow, a balmily, lovely day—the first of the spring. And when the earth rang on the coffin lid, her words breathed in our sorrowing hearts, "To-morrow, to-morrow; I shall be so happy to-morrow." Precious ones we hope she had joined the assembly and Church or the first born on high.

The Two Johns.

Little John came to see me one day. He did as he was bid, and looked so smiling, and behaved so well, that every one who saw him loved him, and asked him to come again.

Little John came another day. He was cross and noisy, and in an ill-temper, and his ill-temper made him look quite ugly. Nothing pleased him, and he seemed ready to quarrel with every thing and every one, and every one was glad when it was time for him to go home. He was angry with his little cousin, and threw her doll upon the floor, and was all ready to strike her when I came into the room. "Alie," said I, "this is not the John came to see me the other day; this must be some other John. That was a good boy, every body loved him; this is a bad boy, and no one cares for him."

John has often come to see me since, and think he has learnt the lesson I tried to teach him. When I see him, I say, "Which John has come to see me to-day?" He seems to feel what I mean, has reply is, "The good John."—*Sunday School Journal.*

From the Child's Paper.

The Two Kinds of Riches.

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long in the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought began to pass away, his eye grew bright, and he spoke: "Mother, I wish to be rich." "Why do you wish to be rich, my son?" And the child said, "Because, every one praises the rich. Every one enquires after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say well his lesson. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children blame him not, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

The mother saw that her child was in danger of believing wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause them to be held in honor who led unworthy lives. So she asked him, "What is it to be rich?" And he answered, "I do not know. Yet tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me, and praise me!"

The mother replied, "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man." Then the boy looked sorrowful, and said, "Is there not another way of being rich, that I may begin now?" She answered, "The gain of money is not the only, nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber make it his prey. Men are weary with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die, and carry nothing away. The soul of the rich prince goeth forth like that of the way-side beggar without a garment. There is another kind of riches which is not lost in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

Then said the boy, "May I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?" The mother laid her hand upon his little head, and said, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice for He hath promised that those who seek early shall find."

And the child said, "Teach me how I may become rich before God." Then she looked tenderly on him, and said, "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that in your heart you may love the dear Saviour, and trust in him. Obey his word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom of heaven."

Wit and Humor.

From the Edgefield Advertiser.

The Dinner Party.

Messrs. Editors:—In the Fall of fifty-one a friend of yours whom I will call Zeke, with gun in hand might have been seen to saunter from the river swamp, enter the flat, and cross the western bank of the great P-D. Here he was joined by a boon companion, who from his many eccentric sayings and doings in the city of Charleston, was familiarly known as "the P-D-Horse." I will not detain you by a description of the various persons composing the group, nor will I even mention the many laughable occurrences which transpired previous to dinner. Suffice it to say, that Z. worn down by a six hours seat in the saddle, willingly joined in an extempore "feed." Upon going to the table he was equally surprised and delighted at finding plates of chicken, fish, &c., variously prepared, and soup fit for the Gods. "Well Z," said the Horse, "you must make yourself at home, old fellow, and recollect that bachelors fare was all that I promised. Chickens or fish?" However as you are hungry you will probably try both.

Z. "Thank you, the last suggestion is decidedly sensible—both by all means."

H. "By the way, I neglected to offer you soup, purely vegetable as the patent pill boxes say, yet equal to Green Turtle and no mistake."

Z. "It's component parts?"

H. "Calfish and Cooter! and if you expect to eat soup now's your time."

"Not any," answered Z., evidently disgusted at the idea of eating a terrapin, especially when something bearing a close resemblance to the foot of a juvenile negro floated lazily before his view."

By this time the well filled plate had been passed and with but few preliminaries was amply discussed by the hungry guest.

"How do you relish the fish?" enquired the H. "Take another supply—you land lubbers from above know absolutely nothing of the finny tribe when compared with me and his fellow."

Z. (tossing his plate). "Thank you, the fish really is delicious, a little coarse perhaps, but the beautiful color and that best of sauces, exercise, make ample amends for that. What is it neither rock, trout, nor sturgeon, eh?"

H. "Never mind its name, pass your plate, for here is a still more delicate morsel. But the chicken, man, you have not even tasted it—allow me to recommend it. If Betty excels in any thing it is in preparing a young and juicy capon."

Z. (receiving his plate for the second time, and making a furious attack upon its contents). "Well H, it is really delightful. I almost regret partaking so freely of the fish—another piece if you please! Here, waiter! a glass of brandy and dinner by way of a settler. The heartiest dinner that I have taken in some time. Now for the ingredients and mode of preparing the two dishes."

H. (with a sinister smile). "As to the fish, the first to be done is to kill a large alligator, cut off about five pounds of tail, salt and season according to taste, place it in a pot of water, and—"

"H!" says Zeke with a face as white as a lily, "did you say Alligator?"

H. "Yes! devil a bit of fish have you tasted here to-day."

Here Zeke's bosom began to heave violently, and sundry ludicrous contortions of his face to become manifest. By a desperate effort he succeeded however in grunting out "chicken broth! how do you make that?"

"Well," replied the Horse, "as a certain cookery book says about preparing squabs for dinner, the first thing to be done is either to go, or send out, to catch a Billy Dink."

"A Billy Dink," says Zeke, "what is that?"

H. "I am really surprised, old fellow, to find you so little of a salt! It is nothing more nor less than one of these large, fine looking, fat Green Frogs which you hear nightly in the swamp, going Billy Dink! Billy Dink! Billy Dink!" (imitating the hoarse sound of a frog.)

"And was that Frog instead of Chicken?" inquired Zeke.

"Nothing else," answered his imperturbable tormentor.

From an ashy pale Zeke's face here became livid; his eye-sight failed, his head reeled, and in a little while, a revolt took place between the belly and its members, a gurgling sound like that of many waters was heard in the lowest recesses of his throat, a convulsive shudder passed over his frame, and a confused jumble of Alligator, Cooter and Frog came jumping from his throat.—But here reader, let us close with the simple announcement, that Zeke has never since been known to eat fish or chicken, unless it was prepared at home.

A countryman happening to meet a physician, tried to conceal himself behind a wall. The doctor asked him the reason for this strange behavior. "Why," he replied, "it is so long since I have been ill, that I am ashamed to meet you."

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Something about Adam's Fall—A Temperance Anecdote.

A favorite temperance lecturer, "down South," used to relate the following anecdote, to illustrate the influence of a bad example in the formation of habits, ruinous in their effects:

Adam, and Mary, his wife, who lived in one of the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way, quite industrious and thriving in the world, and Mary thought a great deal of the minister, and the minister thought a great deal of a glass of toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have him a glass of toddy made, and the minister never refused to imbibe. After a while Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent that he became a drunkard—drunk up every thing he had, and all he could get. Mary and he became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely; but the good minister continued his visits and poor Mary continued still to give him a glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary that he was going away for a week—should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect her to be able to answer some of the questions. Mary says, "Yes," and laid away the book carefully. But Mary, like a good many other church members, thought no more of her book until the very Friday the good minister was to return.

"What shall I do?" says she, "the minister is to be here to-day, and I haven't looked into the book he gave me! How can I answer the questions?"

"I can tell you," says Adam. "Give me a quarter and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer his questions with a glass of toddy."

Mary took the advice—gave Adam a quarter and a jug, and off he started. After getting his bottle filled, and on his way back, Adam concluded to taste the toddy. One taste followed another, until he stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug and lost all the rum. But Adam managed to stagger home.

Soon as he got into the house, Mary inquired anxiously for the bottle of rum.

"Where is the bottle and rum, Adam?" "That he stumbled over a pile of rocks, and broke the bottle and lost the rum."

Mary was in a fix—Adam drunk—the minister coming—the rum gone, and the questions unlearned.

"But here comes the minister. It won't do for the man of God to see Adam drunk," so she, for want of a better place to hide, sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister.—After sitting a few moments, he asks Mary if she thought she could answer the question, "how did Adam fall?"

Mary turned her head first one way and then another—finally she stammered out, "He fell over a pile of rocks!"

It was now the minister's turn to look blank; but he ventured another question— "Where did he hide himself after the fall?"

Mary looked at the minister, and then at the bed, finally she said with a sigh— "Under the bed, sir! There, Adam, you may come out; he knows all about it!"

The good minister retired—not even waiting for his glass of toddy.

A Faithful Old Horse.

A friend related the following, which has struck us, rightly considered, as possessing an element of the pathetic in no ordinary degree.

An old horse, that had served his master faithfully for some twenty-five years, was sold to a drover from one of the little Long Island Sound villages near New Haven, and taken to that pleasant town for shipment to the West Indies. As the old fellow went away, in new hands, he seemed to have a kind of instinctive presentiment that he was to return no more. He cast many a longing, lingering look behind, and whinnied his apprehensions so affectingly that his old owner almost relented, and, but for seeming childish, he would have followed and revoked the bargain—a course which his children, who were watching the old horse depart, strenuously urged him to adopt.

He disappeared, however, with his new master, and soon after, in company with a large drove of other horses, he was placed on board a vessel, one afternoon in March, set sail from New Haven for the West Indies. The vessel had hardly reached the open sound, at night-fall, before a storm began to "brew," which by nine o'clock became so violent that the safety of the ship, captain, and crew was placed in imminent jeopardy.

The craft labored so heavily that it was found necessary to throw over much of the live freight, which greatly encumbered the deck. The oldest and least valuable horses were selected, among them was our four-legged "hero."

The stormy waters of the Sound received the poor old fellow; but his destiny was not yet to be fulfilled. The shore, which the vessel had "hugged" in the tempest, was only three miles distant, and this, with more than "superhuman effort," he was enabled to reach. That very night his old master was awakened by the familiar "whinnying" of his faithful beast, over the long-acquainted doorway gate, saying, like the old "gaber-luncheon" in the Scottish song,

"Get up, good man, and let me in!"

The familiar sound came like the voice of "Nat Lee's spirit-horse," as described by Dana, in the "Buccaniers," to that remorseful master. He did "get up," and led the old steed into his wonted stall, which he thereafter occupied undisturbed until his death. With an unerring instinct, that animal had travelled twenty-two miles, after reaching the shore, before he arrived at the door of his old master. "I shall never sell another old horse," said the original narrator of this story, to our friend, "the longest day I live!"—*Kitchbrocker.*

"Have you any traveling inkstand?" asked a lady of a clerk at a stationery store. "No, ma'am, we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet," was the port reply.

Commercial reporters say "Money is a drug." "Taint very bad to take, if it is show us the 'individual' who will object to being drugged with it."

Mr. Jones, you said the defendant was a gentleman, what do you mean by that? "I mean a man that pays his bills the first time they are presented to him."

Mail Arrangements.

Camden Mail.
DUE MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY, At 8 o'clock, P. M.
DEPARTS TUESDAY, THURSDAY, & SATURDAY, At 7 o'clock, A. M.

Charlotte Mail.
DUE MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY, At 8 o'clock, P. M.
DEPARTS TUESDAY, THURSDAY, & SATURDAY, At 7 o'clock, A. M.

Concord Mail.
DUE THURSDAY, AT 6 P. M.
DEPARTS FRIDAY, AT 6 A. M.

Windsor Mail.
DUE SATURDAY, AT 6 P. M.
DEPARTS THURSDAY, AT 4 P. M.

Chesterfield Mail.
DUE WEDNESDAY, AT 5 P. M.
DEPARTS SATURDAY, AT 11 A. M.

Chesterfield, C. H. Mail.
DUE SATURDAY, AT 10 A. M.
DEPARTS THURSDAY, AT 4 A. M.

All letters must be deposited by 8 o'clock P. M., to ensure their departure by next mail.

T. R. MAGILL, P. M.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CHARLES SMITH, Watch Maker and JEWELER.

Respectfully informs the inhabitants of Lancaster and vicinity, that he is prepared to repair Watches and Clocks, containing music or without, in the best style and most expeditious manner. He has on hand a large assortment of the finest Gold and Silver Watches, and jewelry of all kinds, and of the best quality.

His stock is selected by himself with great care, from the large and well known establishment of Gregg, Hayden & Co. in Charleston, S. C. Every article is warranted to be what it is represented. He will mention a few of the articles which he has on hand—

Elegant Ladies Bracelets, Medallions, Lockets, Chains, Ladies Necklaces set with real Topaz & Turquoise, very splendid Gold, Fob, Vest and Guard Chains, A splendid assortment of Gold Watch Keys, Gold Pens in Gold and Silver Cases. A very large and Superior assortment of Gold Ear Rings and Breast Pins set with Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Turquoise, Garnets, Clusters, Cornelians, Cameos, Mosses, Opals, Lapis, &c. &c. A Fancy Set of Ladies Hair Ornaments, also Shawl Pins. A choice selection of Finger Rings, with every kind of set, and plain, all Engagement and Wedding Rings, Silver Fruit Knives, Coral and Coral Necklaces and Bracelets on Curbine, with gold chains; handsome Twoezers, Tooth and Ear Picks, Thimbles and Spectacles of all descriptions. A large assortment of Boston, Stud, plain and fancy, Collar and Sleeve Buttons, Hearts and Ornaments; a fine assortment of Mourning Brooches, Silver Combs, &c. &c.

The public generally are invited to call and examine his stock, next door to Catawba House, and in the room formerly occupied as the Post Office.

CHARLES SMITH'S EXTRAORDINARY PASTE FOR RAZOR STRAPS.

This unequalled article entirely supersedes the use of a Razor. By the use of this Paste, the thickest Razor, Post-Razor, Lancet, &c., will, in a few seconds, receive a keen and smooth edge. Those who have tried it, all appreciate its virtues, and invariably speak in the highest terms of its astonishing effects.

Price only 25 cents per Box.

He has also on hand a fine assortment of superior Razors, among which are some of the well known double edged French Razors, which are very highly appreciated, each blade lasting (if well used), ten years without grinding.

April 24—2mo.

CONVEYANCES OF REAL ESTATE.

A GOOD SUPPLY OF THESE BLANKS can now be had at this Office, printed on good Blue, Paper and in a superior manner.

June 1.

PERSONS visiting the GRAVEYARD of the Presbyterian Church, are respectfully but earnestly requested to close the gate after them.

June 9.

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It is published at two Dollars per year, in advance. This paper is bound to no party, but advocates all measures which the Editor believes will prove of benefit to the State.

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